

of thy son. Bring him home safe, oh God. God! Forgive my cowardice. . . .”

The unspoken prayers of the woman and the priest poured into the quiet study and mingled in a silent and useless kyrie. Swelling and filling the room, it spilled out over the threshold into the blood-grey city and the cold autumn twilight.

### AND ONLY BLOOD WILL REMAIN

by Randy Moser

The winds blow and the trees fall;  
No passer-by could hear the call  
Of this woman whose death is drawing near.  
For Death himself has found her here  
At the home of her husband, children—and all;  
And the winds blow and the trees fall,  
And only blood will remain.

The winds blow and the trees dry;  
To a yellow shade turns the sky.  
In a yellow haze her man returned  
To his wife destroyed, his children burned.  
In grief and fear he decided to die;  
And the winds blow and the trees dry,  
And only blood will remain.

The winds blow and the trees are dead;  
‘Tis a wonder now, no blood they’ve shed.  
Mysterious Death has come along  
To a family of love who did no wrong.  
What happens tomorrow cannot be said;  
And the winds blow and the trees are dead,  
And only blood will remain.

